

## CURRENT CAPITAL TOPICS

**THE SUCCESSOR TO MR. HENDERSON  
HIS POLITICS A SECONDARY MATTER  
NEW DEVELOPMENTS CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED  
VIGOROUS PROSECUTION DEMANDED**

General Babcock Believed to be Imminent-Glover's Reorganization Account of Previous Encounters of a Professional Character—Army and Navy News, Appointments, &c., &c.

**Natal Orders.**  
Ensign Lucia Young has been ordered to the Fowlston, at Norfolk.

**Appointment.**  
Samuel T. Ellis has been appointed chief clerk at the Bureau of the Navy Department, to fill the vacancy caused by the death

**Mr. Glover's Dedication.**

The following is a copy of the telegram from Mr. Glover deducing the appointment of special counsel, in place of Mr. Henderson:

TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.:—  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your  
my accepting your appointment. I have  
S. C. GLOVER.

**Financial.**

At the close of business Saturday the following was the balance on hand in the Treasury:

Currency, \$6,757,586; deposits, \$1,000,000; gold, \$1,000,000; outstanding legal tenders, \$7,671,677. The internal revenue receipts Saturday were \$200,000, and the disbursements \$100,000. The total revenue for the year to date, \$178,986,717. The out-comes receipts for the year to date, \$178,986,717. The balance on hand, \$7,671,677, for the fiscal year to date, \$178,986,717.

**Army Orders.**

Captain John T. W. Ward, assistant adjutant of substance, is ordered temporary duty at the headquarters department of Dakota. Inspector John T. W. Ward, assistant adjutant of substance, is ordered to Fort Monroe, Va., under special assignment from the Secretary of War, to examine into the necessary arrangements for the construction of barracks and quarters and other public structures at that place.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

**THE SHADES OF DEATH.**

**Scene in the Allegiance.**

To the Editor of the Standard:

Sir: High up among the wide oaks of the Allegiance lies a strip of wood dark, weird and solemn. The trees are tall and straight as sentinels, their tops of Calaveras, in California, rise to the height of a hundred feet above the ground. They stand close together, so as to exclude almost entirely the light of day. Perched upon huge blocks of granite, these trees look like giant sentries, wearing hooded robes like great clanking armor, these ghost-like trees, these dead spruce-pines, these black firs, these gnarled cedars, these ancient giants. Beneath these trees no voice of songbirds sweeps the sweet fair, white, blue and red earth.

[illegible]